

Good Morning

s107

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Uncrowned King of Holy Island From Barney Bedford

IN the banqueting hall of Britain's loveliest castle, which rises from the summit of a rock towering hundreds of feet above the North Sea, I heard the story of a 75-year-old fisherman who became the uncrowned king of Britain's loneliest and loveliest island. I heard it from the old man's lips, and the story was so interesting that I knew you'd be as keen on hearing it as I was. So I told this old man about "Good Morning," and learned of a link between this castle and the submarine service that was as strange as the story I was to hear.

My introduction to the fairy castle really started when "Good Morning" cameraman, Freddie Reed, and I got out of the car, on the Northumbrian mainland, to wait for the old pony and trap to convey us across the shifting sands to Holy Island, three miles out to sea.

As we stood talking, the mist, that had shrouded this precious jewel set in the North Sea, lifted... and I could see the slender finger of the castle pointing into the blue sky.

Neither Freddie nor I had ever been inside the old place, so we made up our minds to try and pay a visit there. The place was so romantic, we argued, that it would provide a story to tell sometime.

We reached the island at last, and dropped into the "Crown and Anchor," the pub nearest to the shingly beach.

And there, in the tiny tap-room, over some mellow whisky, we met Jack Lilburn, an islander by birth, fisherman by profession, and uncrowned king of a Fairy Castle by accident.

We had a few drinks together, this grand old man with the lined, weatherbeaten face, and I. He told me stories of the island and its people, and gradually veered round to the topic I was interested in—the castle.

Old Jackie was mending his nets on the foreshore one day. He was seated by the side of his boat, and when his eyes strayed from the work he was doing, they wandered across to the bulk of the castle rising from the top of the conical rock of whinstone called the Beblowe.

And then, in similar circumstances to another man who sat mending his nets by the shore over nineteen hundred years ago, along someone came who was to change the whole course of Jackie Lilburn's life.

That someone was a millionaire publisher who had bought the ruined castle, and wanted someone to look after it for him until it was restored to something like its original greatness.

When Jackie Lilburn accepted, he took the first step towards being the uncrowned king of the tiny island, that, in the year 635, was the birthplace of Christianity in England.

The castle was restored by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens, world famous architect, and turned from a tumbledown relic with immortal associations, into a priceless heritage. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were

lavished on its reconstruction and furnishings, and to-day, it is one of the finest mediaeval homes in the world.

Its present owner is in London, but Jackie Lilburn, his wife Hannah, his son George and his daughter Lindy, lavish their lives on its upkeep and preservation.

Come for a peep at its splendours. To get to it, Freddie and I had to walk along the rocky foreshore of the natural harbour, and climb the moss-covered sides of the Beblowe rock. As we climbed, the drop to the white-crested waves below became steeper with each step, until, at last, we stood on a precipitous ledge.

Behind us lay the narrow, winding road we had traversed; on every side, the sullen whisper of the breakers; and ahead, steps cut out of the rock, leading to the arched doorway and portcullis of Holy Island Castle.

Grasping the guide rope in our hands, we began to climb.

The portcullis is in perfect working order, and a handful of men could hold out in the castle to-day against an army of hundreds, if the attackers had not cannon and aircraft with which to attempt its capture.

Once through the door, we climbed again, higher and higher inside the rock until we reached the summit. Then, as we crossed the threshold of a giant stone door, we came into the courtyard of the castle.

Beyond the battlemented walls were the ceaseless waves. It was a case of "Water to the left of you, water to the right of you." If you like to carry the metaphor a little further, you could add, "Water, water, everywhere."

Miss Lindy Lilburn gave us a welcome, and conducted us round the magnificent rooms.

The pictures, on to-day's back page, exclusive to "Good Morning," were taken by cameraman Freddie Reed.

The great banqueting hall, with its priceless furniture, and candelabra, stood out in sharp relief against the herring-boned stone walls. There was plenty of light—from windows in carefully placed niches. The retiring room, the Ship Room as it is called, was an antiquarian's dream. Chairs and tables over 500 years old were everywhere. Chinese carpets and rugs were on the stone floors, pictures by the masters adorned the walls.

The only modern touch was a full-size grand piano in one corner of the room. From the ceiling hung a large scale model of a Dutch ship.

Room after room was furnished like this. The bedrooms had those unique beds with secret cupboards for milady's jewels at the head, and not-so-secret cupboards for milord's blunderbusses at the foot.

The fireplaces are all hewn out of the solid rock, and ingenious wooden frames are provided for carrying the logs from room to room. The principal timepieces in the castle are over 400 years old, and highlight of olden-time craftsmanship is the wind-chart, depicting the battle of the Armada.

No one has been able to find out just how the chart works, but before setting out for his

MEASURED by the numbers who follow its faith, the Mohammedan creed is the fifth religion of the world. Its estimated 210,000,000 believers is exceeded only by those who follow Christianity, Confucianism, Brahminism and Buddhism.

There are sects amongst the Mohammedans as there are amongst other religions, but in general it may be said that Mohammedans are marked by their devotion to their creed. In the case of some of the more remote communities this may amount to fanaticism.

The name which all Mohammedans give to their religion is Islam. It is the religion of the Arabs, but Mohammedans are numerous in India and found in some numbers throughout the East.

The founder of Islam was Mohammed, who died at the age of 63 or 65 in the year 632 A.D. His life was spectacular and of great interest, while the effects of his teaching have been, of course, profound on the course of history.

Mohammed was a member of the Koreish tribe of Arabs, a conductor of caravans; and at the age of 25 married a well-to-do widow. It was after this that Mohammed began his teaching, the essential feature of which was "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet."

He taught the doctrine of one God—in contrast to the idolatry of the times in Arabia—at first secretly. He is believed to have been forty when he made his first public declaration.

The first divine revelation to Mohammed was made by the angel Gabriel in 610 A.D. Another one followed three years later and subsequently he had many revelations. All these are recorded in the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans, whose name literally translated means, "That which should be read."

Mohammed's subsequent life is the story of religion linked to war and diplomacy. Although on more than one occasion he had to flee for his life and take refuge with friends or even in a cave, he slowly won fame and recognition and after about 622 A.D. enjoyed unbroken success. Mecca became the centre of

day's fishing, the visitor to the castle studies it to get the necessary information. I could have stayed in the castle for hours, and I could write about it until this issue was full—but go and see it for yourself when next you're on leave.

I forgot one thing—to tell you of the link between the castle and the Submarine Service.

There's one islander in the undersea fleet—a youngster of an A.B. named Jimmy Drysdale, who comes from Rose Cottage, Holy Island. His folks and the Lilburns are friends, and Mrs. Lilburn's main pastime is knitting comforts for the Navy lads. At least one pullover has gone to the undersea fleet, and more will be on the way.

So this should be a sufficient introduction for you if you want to drop in on the Lilburns and see the wonders of the castle in the clouds for yourself.

Islam and remains it, with Medina also an important city because of the tomb of Mohammed. It would be impossible here to follow the complex campaigns of the Prophet in Arabia. When he died the firm foundations of a new great religion had been laid, a religion, which like Christianity and Judaism went back to Abraham, but differed greatly from them in its creed and practices.

As Prophet, Mohammed is, of course, acknowledged only by his followers, but of his stature as a man, a soldier and a law-giver there can be no doubt.

He is traditionally believed to have been a man of medium height, with a large head, large eyes, heavy eyelashes, a thick

each day—a severe one in the hot countries. Men on a journey or who are sick are not obliged to fast.

Another obligation upon the Mohammedan is at least once in his life, if he can afford it, to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. This journey is made by pilgrims from all over the world every year, the wealthy travel in comfort, but the great majority of pilgrims not without hardship and at great sacrifice.

The pilgrimage has to be made within three special days of the year and in a seamless garment, without head-dress or footwear. There is a prescribed series of ceremonials which includes kissing the

who pay the alms to any needy fellow muslim.

The Koran is a collection of the revelations made to Mohammed during a period of twenty-three years. It is divided into 114 Chapters (each chapter is called a Sura), and subdivided into shorter portions or verses. Each chapter has a name and is marked as having been revealed at Mecca or at Medina as the case may be.

There are a number of ancient copies, the number of verses in which varies, but all are stated to contain the same number of words—323,015. They are not in chronological order of revelation. The first is Sura 96, 1-5 "Congealed blood, revealed at Mecca."

In the first centuries of its existence Islam was, of course, a great missionary religion. Today the follower of Mohammed remains equally firm in the faith that his is the only path to salvation, but the idea of conversion by violence has gone.

A number of distinguished British men during the last century have been so struck by the qualities of the Islamic faith that they have embraced it. At Woking is a mosque which is the centre of the Islam community in Britain.

The Mohammedan calendar consists of 12 months of 30 and 29 days alternately with an adjustment every 11 years. The calendar dates from the year of Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina. The exact day of beginning according to our calendar is July 16th, 622 A.D.

Islam does not regard marriage as a sacrament, although it is a religious act. Theoretically the marriage can be terminated simply, but in practice divorce is not more common, probably a great deal less common, than in Christian countries.

Since the last war there have been considerable changes in Islam. The orthodox faith remains, but strongly nationalistic movements, not only in Turkey but also to some degree in the U.S.S.R. and India have brought changes. In Turkey polygamy is virtually illegal, the date of Ramadan is fixed by astronomical science, and the veil and the fez have disappeared.

sacred stone and the offering of sacrifices.

The giving of alms is a very important part of the Mohammedan religion. The scale is prescribed in detail. According to an authority, "In the early days of Islam the alms were collected by officials and used for the building of mosques and similar religious purposes. At the present time the carrying of these prescriptions is left to the conscience of the believers,

beard, broad-shouldered and with large hands and feet. After starting his mission, he made a number of marriages for diplomatic reasons—in judging these we have to consider the customs of the time and place. His harem was small by the standards of the time.

Mohammed's direction that a man could marry two, three or four wives if he could behave with equal justice and equal love to them all was an attempt to counter the unlimited polygamy of the times.

Mohammed did not claim infallibility on all matters. The Mohammedan believes that God revealed himself to man through his prophets, but that Mohammed was the "seal of the prophets." Jesus is acknowledged as a great prophet to whom God had revealed himself, but the Koran is insistent on the unity of God as against the Christian doctrine of the Trinity.

The essentials of the Mohammedan religion are belief in the one true God called Allah, the belief in Mohammed as his supreme prophet; the belief in the prophets and their inspired books and in the day of judgment and the future life. Details of this future life are given in the Koran, but the followers of other religions will probably consider that Mohammed was seeking to picture perfect bliss rather than to describe Heaven literally.

Mohammedans are called upon to worship five times a day—at dawn, at noon, before sunset, after sunset and after the end of the day. The place of worship is wherever the true believer happens to be at the time of prayer, and he turns his face in the direction of Mecca. There are detailed instructions for the physical positions to be adopted during prayer.

On Fridays, and on other special occasions, there are services in the mosques in place of the noon prayer.

Followers of Mohammed are called upon to fast during the month of Ramadan, the month when the Koran was revealed. The fast consists of taking no food or drink from sunrise to sunset

BEATING FROST

SUDDEN frosts which in past years have caused devastation in the orchards of Kent, Gloucestershire and other parts of the country will never have as good a chance again to destroy tons of valuable fruit.

Warnings to fruit-growers when frosts may be expected are being sent out twice a day during the Spring months over the B.B.C. Home Service, and fruit-farmers, tearing away from the loud-speaker will be able to light up their outdoor stoves and fires to take the edge off the weather and protect the fruit trees and bushes.

You might not think that a few frosts in an orchard would make much difference, but experience has shown that they can be extremely effective.

The new scheme will not only mean a saving of money which might make all the difference between profit and loss to the fruit-growers—it will also help to ensure that our national larder is not let down. And that is an important thing, these days, when food is going to be one of the biggest problems in England as well as in Europe itself.

The B.B.C. idea was in being a good time ago, but nothing could be done until now for fear of giving the enemy valuable weather information.

J. M. BARDON tells "What They Believe"



THE MOHAMMEDANS

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



No Good Dog Goes Rabbiting

Says FRED KITCHEN (with a Grin)

SHEP, after going the rounds of his sheep, joined the two Land Girls who were busy stooking the oatfield.

Bess, the sheepdog, followed slowly behind the stookers, and didn't seem too happy about a job that didn't call for her services.

She followed on until late in the afternoon, when, tired of her day's idleness, she kept looking up at Shep with an intelligent gaze, as though asking, "What about those sheep, master?"

Shep, reading her looks, replied, "Don't worry this'el, lass, we've not finished here yet!"

The girls laughed, for they hadn't realised how much understanding existed between Shep and Bess, and they remarked on how the dog seemed to be taking in every word.

It was after tea, and the binder had reduced the standing oats to a narrow strip, that the rabbits began to run out.

"Hi, Bess—after it!" called out the Land Girls as a rabbit came racing by—at which Bess wagged her tail and looked first at the girls and then at the fleeing rabbit.

"What a silly dog, Shep! Won't it catch a rabbit?"

Shep grinned slyly. "A dog ain't no good to me if it goes a-rabbiting, lass!" he replied.

Just then another rabbit ran out of the corn, and Shep called out "Loo!"

One word was enough. Bess shot off like the wind, and presently, as Shep put a freshly killed rabbit under his coat (thrown over a stook), he again repeated, "A dog ain't no use to me if it goes a-rabbiting!"

He grinned sagely as he went on with his stooking, and, finding an attentive audience, went on to explain that a sheep-dog was useless if it went after rabbits.

"A sheep-dog 'as a lot to learn!" he said, indulging in his favourite topic, "and the knowingest dog I ever had wer' ole Don—a black-and-white collie, 'e wer'."

"I wer' shepherd at a place where they kep' a lot o' game, and the boss wer' dead nuts on anybody for catchin' even rabbits."

"I hadn't been there more'n a week or so when he came to me in the field one mornin', and 'Shep,' says 'e, short and sharp like, 'you'll have to get rid of that dog if he goes rabbiting."

"I says, 'A dog ain't no use to me, sir, what goes a-rabbiting, and that there dog don't know a rabbit when 'e sees one!"

"However, what should happen then but a rabbit hops out the hedge not

twenty yards away, and the boss says, 'Now we shall see if 'e knows a rabbit—don't speak to him.'"

"I wer' on tenterhooks lest Don should make off arter that rabbit, for I hadn't to call 'im in, you see; but Don just looked up at me for the 'word, and all I could do wer' to wink."

"That wer' enough—he just lay hisself down and pretended not to see that rabbit."

"The boss apologised for having misjudged my dog."

Shep chuckled to himself.

"We wer' never short of a rabbit for dinner—but 'e just knew that if the boss wer' about 'e mus' lie low and not look at a rabbit."

P.M.'s BATH IS SERVED

"THE Prime Minister wants his bath." This was the cry that sounded at Number 10, Downing Street, in the days when getting a bath for the First Citizen of the Realm meant almost as much trouble as putting a Finance Bill through the House of Commons.

For until 1908 there was no hot-water system for filling the P.M.'s morning tub, and kettles and pans had to be heated on the gas-cooker and brought upstairs, where they were emptied into the bath.

When it was full it was carefully tested to make sure the Prime Minister of the moment did not get served like a lobster or dabble in tepid water.

And then the great moment arrived.

"The Prime Minister's bath is served," it was reported. And he would come to splash at his heart's content, while the household heaved happy sighs, thankful that their principal worry of the day was over.

It was Mr. Asquith who got the first No. 10 bath from hot and cold water taps.

And at Buckingham Palace, though electric light was installed in Queen Victoria's reign, the lighting system is not all that could be desired.

There are two distinct systems. The original direct current plant still supplies part of the Palace, while the more modern alternating current functions in another part. No lamp fittings or other appliances can be exchanged between the two, and it sometimes causes considerable inconvenience.

Plans are ready to bring Buckingham Palace up to date in its lighting arrangements.

D.N.K.B.

Once a Church—This Pub Shows You the Evil of Drink

From RAYMOND FOXALL

THERE were excellent reasons why I decided to go out into old-world Cheshire.

It was at the Royal George at Knutsford—"royal" since the Princess Victoria slept there—I learned about the church, the doors of which open right on to the front door of a pub.

"You mustn't miss the Bells at Peover," said the modern miss behind the bar counter of this 14th century coaching inn. "It's only a few miles away at Lower Peover."

And there I found it.

The narrow cobbled lane goes off the high road to the church and the inn, and then goes nowhere else. Save for a tiny school and a small house that was once a "grammar" school, the church and the inn stand alone, completely hidden from any of the nearby highways. It is one of the odd little corners of the world.

As I drink beer at the bar in a tiny low-roofed room which has been renovated but left old, the spot where I am standing, they tell me, was the "Monks' Cell" when the church was founded in 1269.

Seven hundred years ago it was a narrow wooden hut, the door faced the entrance to the church like it does to-day, where the visiting monks lived when they came to preach.

While St. Oswald's was growing into one of the only completely half-timbered churches in England, the Monks' Cell was developing from sexton's cottage to one of the most charming old-world pubs in Cheshire.

The vicar, the Rev. J. N. Ellwood, joined me in the inn in a few minutes, because if I was writing about the church—well, I'd "better get it right." Standing in the Monks' Cell, in the long black frock of the modern clergy, he began his story.

The tower was built in 1580, nearly three centuries after the church was founded, and the half-timber surrounding a newer stone tower makes the place quaintier than ever.

Long before there was an incumbent here the scattered folk of Lower Peover applied, through Richard Grosvenour (an ancestor of the present Duke of Westminster), who lived at Hulme Hall nearby, to the Prior of Norton, near Runcorn, Cheshire, for a church.

So the half-timbered church was built, and the little wooden shanty by its side.

"On Sundays, Wednesdays and holi-days" a monk was sent from Norton Priory.

The 13th century drew to a close. Edward I sat on the throne of England, and his ambition to become sole monarch of the British Isles seemed to be falling from his grasp because a Scottish stalwart named Wallace defeated the English at Cambuskenneth.

The fighting was a long way from peaceful Cheshire, but along the weed-grown lane to Peover came a man in the coarse hooded garb of a monk.

He had a tendency to rotundity, and he came plodding on his mule to the lonely half-timbered church. In the narrow wooden shanty was enough frugality for meditation.

"A little later, when it was the sexton's cottage," the vicar said, "the sexton brewed his own beer, and then gradually it became an inn."

In the chancel of the church is a massive chest hewn from a single oak tree. The legend is that if a bride-to-be could lift the lid with one hand she was fit to be a wife. It took the vicar's two strong arms to lift it.

There is a wooden hand nailed to the chancel wall whose identity is buried with the past. No one knows anything at all about it.

We go back to the hotel and Mrs. Savage, wife of mine host, takes up the story. The house belongs to the Warrens of Tabley, and it is really the Warren

de Tabley Arms; but, hearing the local gossip of how the folk used to say they would go to see the (family of) Bells, they changed the name to its present form.

The vicar always encouraged the family relationship between the church and the inn, Mrs. Savage explains, and the Bells of Peover was the name which fitted in with the church and the atmosphere.

There is a huge contraption fastened to the wall outside the inn. It is a "man trap" once used to catch poachers. It would snap a man's leg like a match-stick, but it is kept far enough away from danger.

I learn from Mrs. Savage that it is actually still legal to use a "man trap" indoors between sunset and sunrise.

For years there hung in the lounge of this hotel of grim attractions a fearsome object which was a greater challenge to the big radiogram than the ancient panels of the walls.

They still have it, but looked away now for safety—the skull of an Inca princess!

Centuries old, it came from Tilcara, on the foothills of the Andes. Mrs. Savage's sister picked it up at Peru, and for years its last resting place was in the age-old inn—looking

sadly out on the tower of an English church.

Maybe the most macabre things in this grimmest of all hotels are the George Cruikshank drawings which cover the hall.

They are not of Pickwick or Sam Weller. They were drawn by Cruikshank when he became a militant teetotaler, and they make of the Bells of Peover a pub which shows you the evil of drink!

I have another quick one to cheer myself up.

LETTER

"Having picked up a copy of 'Good Morning' in the mess the other day, I found I couldn't put it down again. Somebody had been careless with the honey pot."

GIRL PURSER

CADETS at University College School of Navigation, Southampton, are very proud of their girl purser, Margaret Monk, 28-year-old wife of a Merchant Navy officer, who has been awarded the Royal National Lifeboat Institution's thanks on vellum for rescuing three cadets from Southampton Water.

Margaret is purser of the 103-ton ketch, Moyana, which is the school's training ship, and she lives on board.

One evening, six cadets were rowing to the Moyana in a dinghy when a sudden squall capsized and sank their craft.

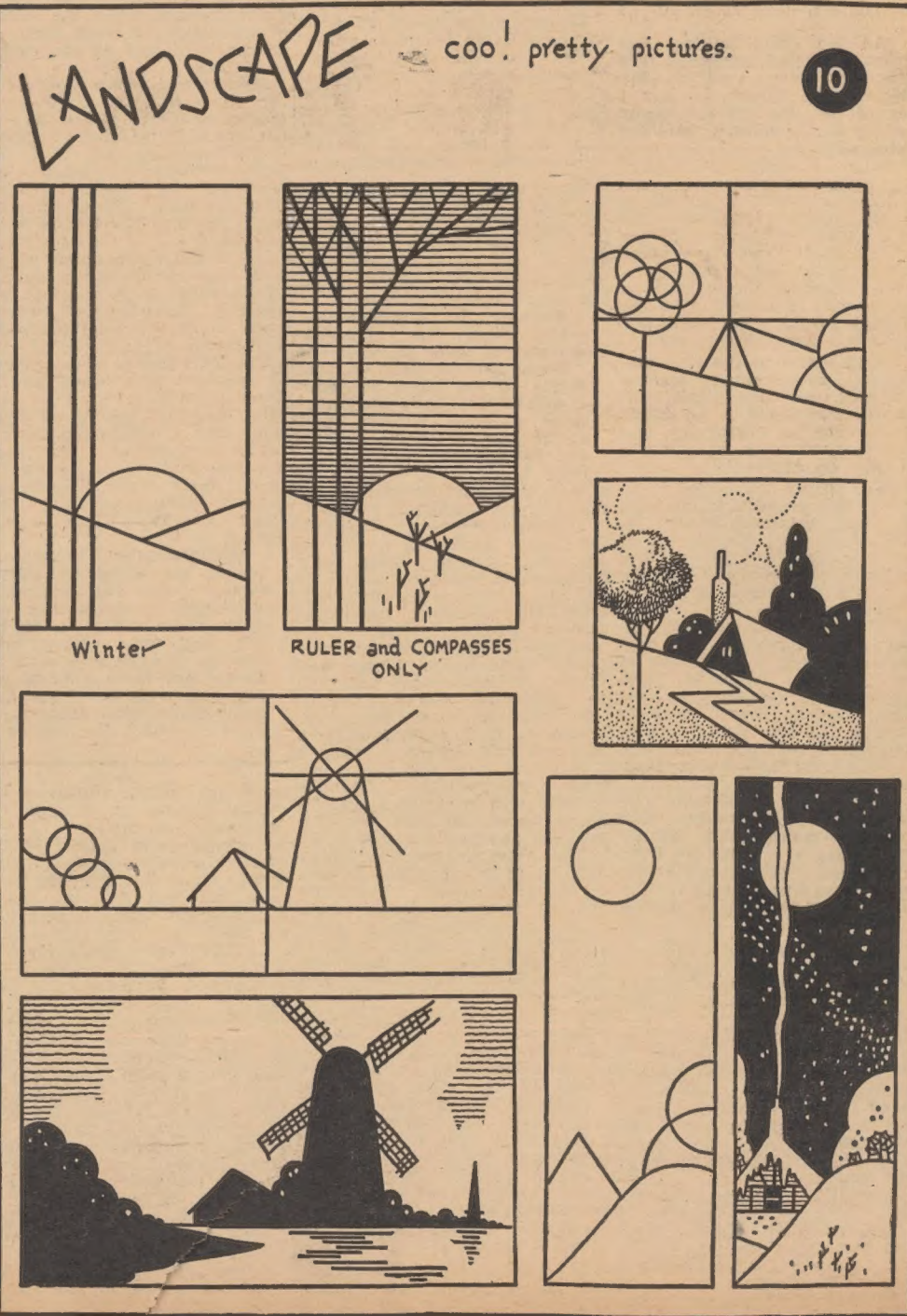
Margaret, with the aid of a 16-year-old cadet, launched a 15-ft. open motor launch on a rough sea and rescued three of the cadets. The others were picked up by a U.S. naval launch.

Margaret, an attractive brunette, had no experience of the handling of boats until she joined the Moyana as purser a few weeks before the rescue.

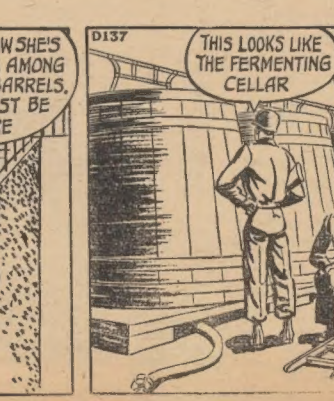
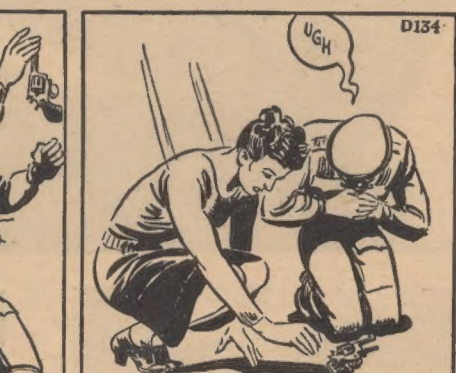
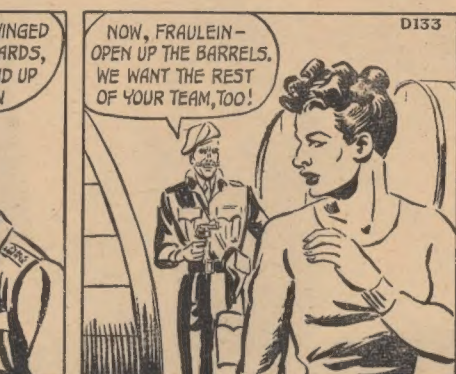
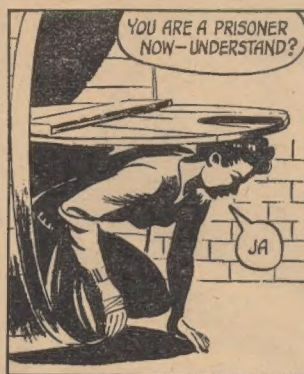
She was a nurse in a children's hospital until 1941, when she became nursing housekeeper at the School of Navigation. Purser was her next step.

She found romance at the school, meeting her husband-to-be while he was studying there for his "ticket."

DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. It's Just Too Easy! I think little explanation is required here. Notice how trees are based on circles. You can use a ruler for all straight lines. Some of these little sketches coloured, would make attractive Greetings Cards. Try it!



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THERE is often more than a suspicion in the mind of the stamp purchaser that the term "catalogue value so much," quoted by the seller, is misleading. By "catalogue" is meant, of course, Stanley Gibbons' Catalogue, which is really the price list of a stamp-dealing house, and I am glad to see that Gibbons have some words to say on this matter in their monthly journal.

The reader (says the editorial) who will turn to the introductory matter of one of our current catalogues will find in the section headed "Publishers' Terms of Sale," etc., the following statement: "Our prices are for stamps in fine condition, except in the case of the older classic issues, which vary greatly in condition. For such issues, our prices are for stamps in good average condition, superb copies being supplied at special prices. Less perfect copies of those issues in which 'condition' varies greatly can be supplied at prices much below those quoted in this catalogue."

Florence welcomes the allies

11-8-1944

If we add to the above the fact that prices are for genuine stamps and (unless otherwise stated) for single specimens, it is easy to arrive at what "catalogue price" really is, viz., a price for a single, genuine stamp, in a particular condition.

It is therefore clear that anyone offering stamps which are not genuine, unfaked specimens, and are not in the specified range of condition, cannot possibly justify the use of catalogue price for comparison, or as an inducement to a possible purchaser, for the catalogue price is the Gibbons' quotation for something quite different.

Similarly, it is, we suggest, quite unfair to the purchaser to quote the catalogue price for a postally used stamp when the stamp actually for sale is cancelled to order, or fiscally used.

When catalogue prices are altered from time to time, such alterations may be published in the Supplements in this magazine. Surely there is an obligation on those using the catalogue price as an inducement to collectors to buy their goods, to quote the current price and not an obsolete one? At the present time some shops in London are offering a modern French stamp as "Cat., 25s.," although the catalogue price was altered to 2s. some weeks ago, and the alteration duly published.

In a less serious category is the action of an auctioneer who, in a summary of prices realised, compares the prices obtained at auction for pairs of certain Cape Triangulars with twice the catalogue price for a single. Such a comparison would be laughable to a specialist, but might easily lead an uninformed reader to form a wrong view of the accuracy of the catalogue.

The moral is that any reader who is confronted with a statement of catalogue value, whether in regard to a stamp he is offered or merely by way of comparison of price with price, will be well advised to make sure, in his own interest, and in the interest of truth and accuracy, whether the catalogue price quoted is for the item with which that catalogue price is compared. If it is not, the assumption is that there has at least been carelessness in quoting the catalogue price, if not a deliberate attempt to mislead.

I find that clarification all right so far as it goes. What puzzles the uninformed is how dealers can afford to offer their wares at a third, a quarter, or a fifth of catalogue, and still make a rake-off for themselves. I once belonged to a stamp exchange club where the members considered it an imposition to be asked more than a fifth catalogue for any stamp except a recent issue on the upgrade.

Look at the advertisements for packets and collections and note the wide difference between the price asked and the catalogue price quoted. "Canada, middle issues, catalogue £22, our price £6 10s." How is it done?

For my part, when I find that a set I purchased a few years back for 3s. 6d. now stands at 15s. in Gibbons' Catalogue, I ask myself, "But how much would I get if I wanted to sell?"

On countless occasions persons have shown me a stamp they possess and remarked, "What'll you give me for it? It's catalogued at 5s." And I've usually replied, "I wouldn't give you sixpence for it."

That's supply and demand. It's all very disappointing!

The Italian stamp reproduced here commemorates the liberation of Florence by the Allies. The Peruvian stamp was issued last year to mark the Telegraph Centenary.

Good
Morning

Holy Island

KEEPER OF THE FAIRY CASTLE

With his home in a castle, which has earned the nickname of "Fairy Castle in the Clouds," because it stands high on a rock, with the sea on three sides, and looks the same as those in story-books, 75-years'-old Jack Lilburn (centre), a fisherman, is caretaker.



Inside at the fireside, Jack mends his crab-pots and lines, ready for the day or night's fishing, while his wife Hannah knits sweaters and socks for the fishermen and boys of the Services. Restored some years ago, with Sir Edward Lutyens as the architect, it is one of the finest castles in the country.



The fishermen of Holy Island have their own Home Guard units. These fishermen Home Guards, who toil for long hours on the sea, repairing their nets, packing fish for market, etc., are ready day and night to man the lifeboat.

The only pony to go to sea under his own steam, and act as a sea rescue service is "John." For years, John has plodded through the seas—carrying visitors and food from the mainland at Beal, in Northumberland, to Holy Island.

